

Tomato Bugs And Mosquitoes



**A Collection Of Words and Images
By Charles Rice Goff III**

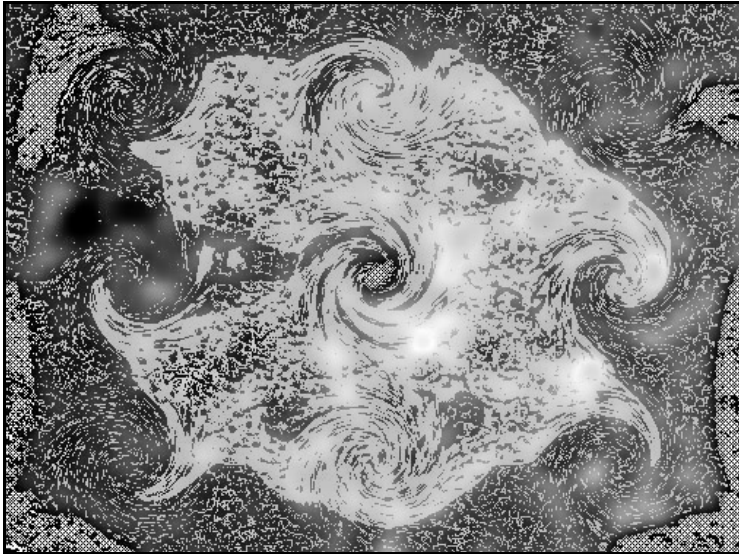
Tomato Bugs And Mosquitoes

Within these pages is a collection of words that have not appeared previously in print. From 1982-1984 I had a number of my poetic experiments published in various literary magazines, and I myself produced three books of poetry and visual imagery. Since then my production of such works has been sporadic. With my acquisition of computer technology, my interest in sharing my experiments with the public has driven me to create this little libretto. The visual images on these pages were all created this year with computer graphics. My intent is not to impose, but to entertain. Enjoy if you dare.

Charles Rice Goff III

December, 2001

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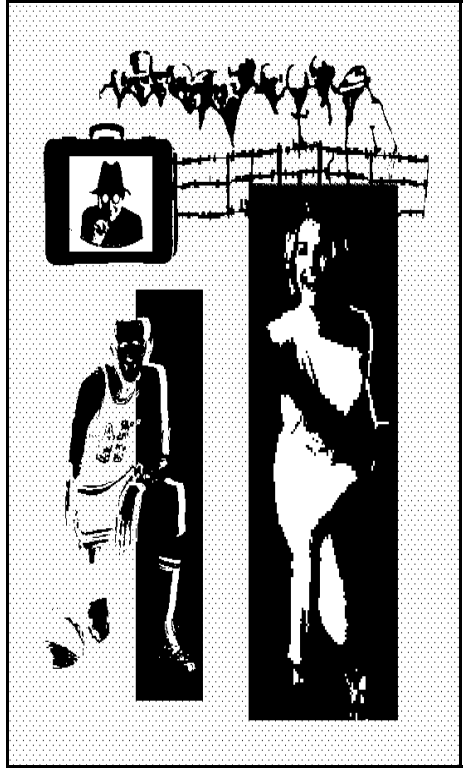
Special thanks to derald carlson for providing source material for some of the visual manipulations on pages 3, 6, 9, 12 .

The Comical

un done

Majesty of Unliness!
Oh, discerning its funliness
loses the comeliness
of someliness of it,
as the contemplates
are served up so late in the brain
that the fortunes of the sane
simply pimplly turn to pointless pain,
while the Unliness's happy ho ho smile
gets measured into stale miles,
and thickly sickly evaluations of style
get depressed into cans of useless files.

2000



Here Now

I started thinking about being there,
and it took me about a second to conjure the idea
that must have subconsciously thought about thinking
about being there
before I could possibly know
that I'd be consciously thinking about being there,
and I'll bet that you're just a bit disappointed
that amidst this questionable group of words
is where we ended up.
Just think of where you could have been...

1985

If Polident Cleans Like That, I'll Switch

Eighty percent of American women don't get enough iron or calcium, herbs and spices, nor chicken and Stove Top.

Now you can stop worrying about wrinkles because European women have known for years that Pine Sol Cleaner has more pine.

And people have trusted pure, natural Murphy's Oil, made with real sugar-free Swiss mocha and absolutely no caffeine.

It's strong enough for a man, but made for a woman, at prices so affordable, you may be stunned!

No wonder top breeders recommend it.

1985



Jive Alive

Well, like you know this Bobo dropped a lug right on this holy dancing Slinker. Like BLAM, right on the conkpiece. Seems this crazy ham scam kicked off with some fine as wine shoddy doo. But then the spindle shanked Half Strainer opened up his garage door and shed his chamber lye in a big Hollywood swoop! What's really cranked is old Slink mailing Bo a love letter next day right through his front window. That Smacker Jacker really laid a large charge of yaketty yak skull drag on that Sucker.

2000

The Observational

And Those Long Green Worms Never Visit Any Other Plants Either

a tomato seed softens and
stretches and
turns green and
yellow and
fetches migrants to spray it with poisons and
cheaply remove its reddened fruit and
feeds farmers and
merchants who don't even have to eat it

1985

Bugged

Two mosquitoes land on my skin.
They push their bloodsucking mouths right in.
They fatten and fly
and mate in the sky,
my blood in their eggs when they die.

1991

Good Friday

As I celebrated the anniversary of the crucifixion,
the construction workers were pounding in their nails downstairs.
I could taste a bit of Christ's blood
as every 6:30 AM nail was hammered into my eardrums.
On Easter Sabbath the do-unto-you brothers rested, thank the Lord.
On Monday the devils returned with buzzsaws from Hell.
The Deity of Progress offered no mercy.

1991

Spinning Web

the rider pressing
the pedal down
going up
the counterbalance rolling
the wheels
moving the rider
the earth sliding under
over the sun standing still
brightening the nearest curve
the spectrum left right behind
getting ahead

1984

Yellow Pedestrian

crosswalk
DON'T WALK
green WALK
green truck
red street

1985



The Personal

Best As Best Is

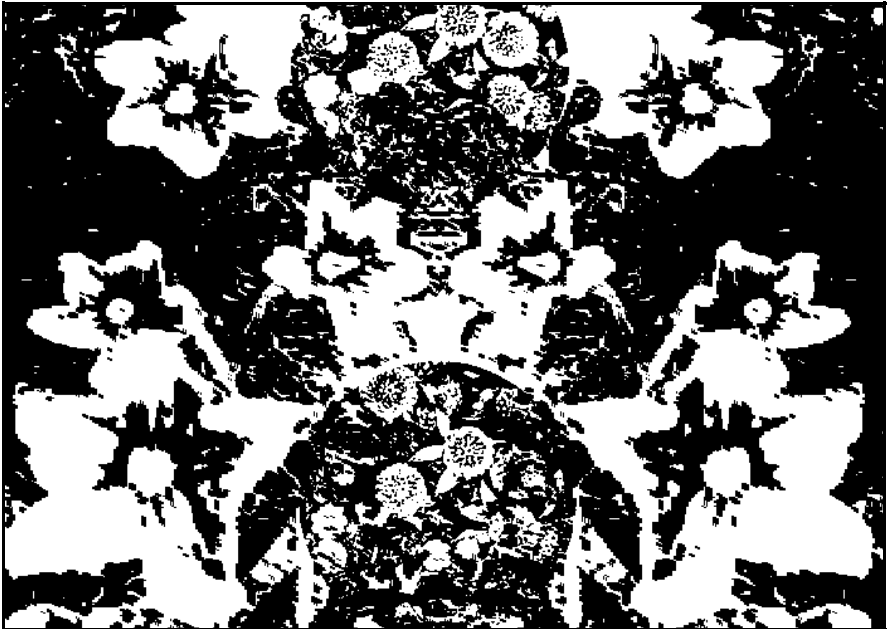
Do I dare to stare
at a proposed to compose
nonfiction description
of a never cruddy buddy?
Not a bendie friendie,
but a true to you
grace face
always in the hallways
of your tours and blurs.
No, I best not mess,
lest I stain a refrain
on the fine divine dress.

2000

Good Now

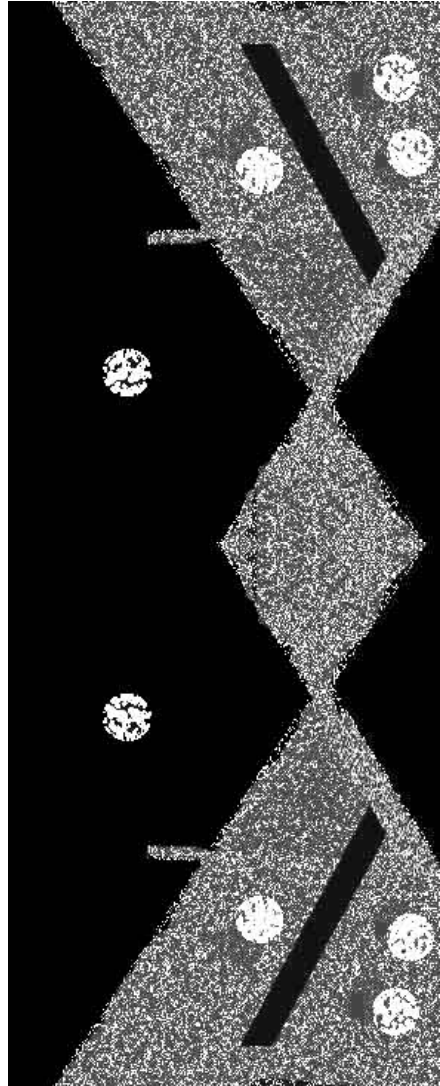
"Say,"
I thought.
"Hey,
I'm through."
Buoy
you threw.
"Joy,"
I think.
Why
I thank.

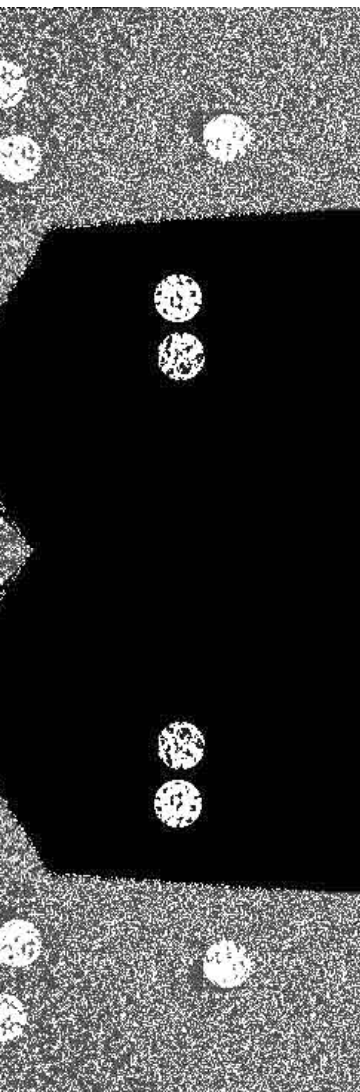
1984



The Faucet's Broken, And I Can't Get Up *(editor's note: this one is best read aloud...)*

the fight of the night
is the light of dark days
after daze
after the haze
of the complex simplicities
confusing and contorting me
into wanting the something
that's nothing and nowhere
found not on the ground
nor inside the space
of the brain and the cells and the blood
all displaced by the noise of the now
and the nearness of the future
of the torture
of the expectation
of the exaggeration
of what's important to the blindness zero
of what's me the nonhero
the hot cells churning
over the open pit of my lungs and heart
burning as I piss and fart
out with the waste
as the waist builds up
molding turnips and parsnips and
celery fibers forming internal wires
electric chemistry is all I can be
so I want and I wish and I sing
and kiss and piss
but it's not enough
to be thankful and satisfied
only the tough are the ones that survive
but they have to dive too
for the pearls in the blue
and they die just the same
although they longer remain
as my edits regress to the size of her dress
my own eyes, ears, and nose
feel a tingling that grows





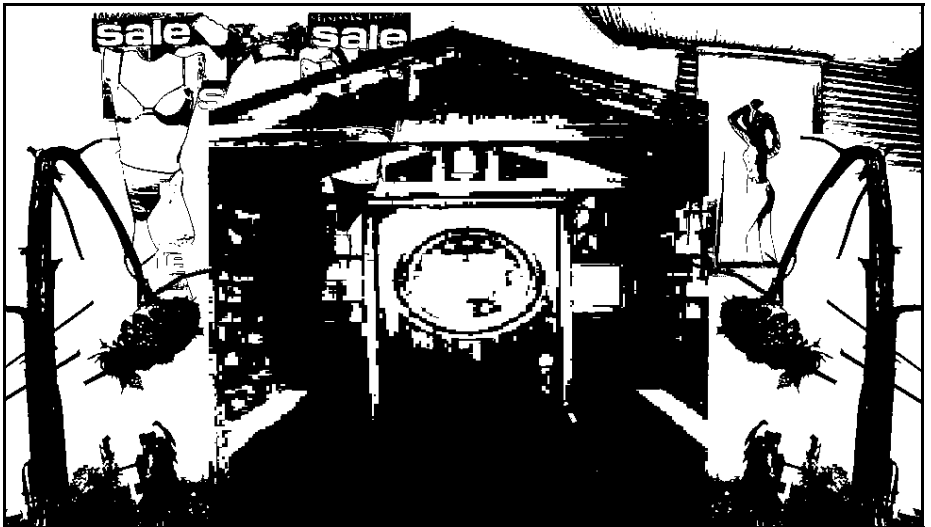
until it stops for some sleep
there's a George Carlin bleep
over my words because I can't discuss turds
though they come every day
and I say hello to my friends
and I socialize when I need to reach ends
but I hide and I pout and I spout
nonsense here because my cells fear
and need and bleed and do all the deeds
it takes to go on
but I don't want to feel
like the bad stuff is real
and sometimes I hide
from the smells of the cabbage and onions
and can't believe that some suffer bunions
and pains I don't want to know
but I find out and pout
and seek out escape
through imaginary gaping holes covered in tape
and it helps to express stress
and I write it
and I feel blessed that I can
and I will
and I'm driven on still
until I'm asleep once again
if the words can be heard
then someone else will know
but who cares when the verse is so big
that I dare to suspect my words are just rejects
that will not float in time
and don't mind if don't rhyme
not beating in time nor dimensional pace
when my world is a place
that will burn in the sun
and the whole thing is so far beyond the onion

Romance

(inspired by the old boys: Byron, Shelley, etc...)

Arousing many midnight Christian souls,
a vale of caress clouds thought-weary time.
Organic pleasure upon sweet ripe earth
o'erpowers life embodied, thyne and mine.
Travelers fain exchange warm ecstasies
with planets pale, round she flinging dress and tress
high to the ceiling. Oh lift up again
the cloak unsettling this generation!

1985



The Philosophical

Consequences

The hot sparks on the tips of my ideas
should have their dangerous fires snuffed out
with the tears
brought to me
by my big brain destiny.

Me and mine are so keenly innovative
making life so temporarily modern.
It must be
today's progeny
will hate me.

Still all around the earth is growing up and down.
Despite me it procreates and defecates.
Dead life
feeds the living life
who live to die.

And I know I'll have my bones picked dry
by bacterii and fungi and flies
with ants and mice
and lice living there
in the rodents' hair.

1999

Spots In The Swirl

mold in bathtubs
ghosts on TVs
typos in libraries
coughs in symphonies
rust in superstructures
shorts in utilities
poisons in waters
weapons in nations
prisoners in governments
humans in environments

1984

Beauty

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.
At least that's what I've been told.
A deer on a hunter's arrow is beautiful
to the hunter.
A well-trimmed hedge is beautiful
to the trimmer.
I wonder if the dead deer and the wounded hedge know
that they are beautiful?
The Sun will one day swallow the Earth
and produce a beautiful site from another solar system.

1989

Blind

every surface gray or grayer
the blind not only miss the revelries of color
but also must fear the night
when the evil-sighted do most of their work

1985

Over The Bridge

we all wait our turn
to go over the bridge
we line up in rows
each day one row goes
no one knows if we can still smell the roses
after we live
or if the thorns no longer prick
or if we are forever done with being sick
but in flickering time together the brave and the cowardly march
over the bridge to their last vacation
the hibernation and the perpetuation
following old foes and friends
connecting ends to ends

1986



Self Portrait

moderns are in the swing
of motorized axes efficiently slicing
to process sandwiches
to nourish trigger fingers

they arrange the world to meet their needs
making it easier for them to plant seeds

they hide their eyes while their victims bleed
sophisticatedly insane
vertigo at the top of the food chain

1986

Rationale

the pitiful crunch of the snail
the unintended punch
casual killing
hurrying to get to lunch

well...
hungry flies must have dregs
in which to lay their eggs

1984

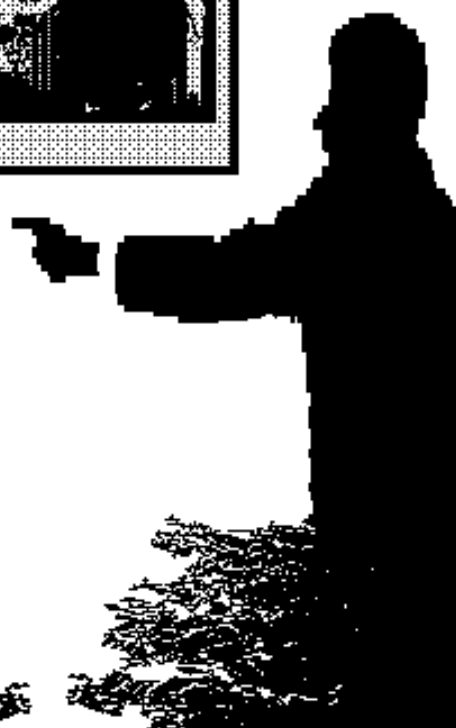
Winged, Stinged, Wronged, But Strong

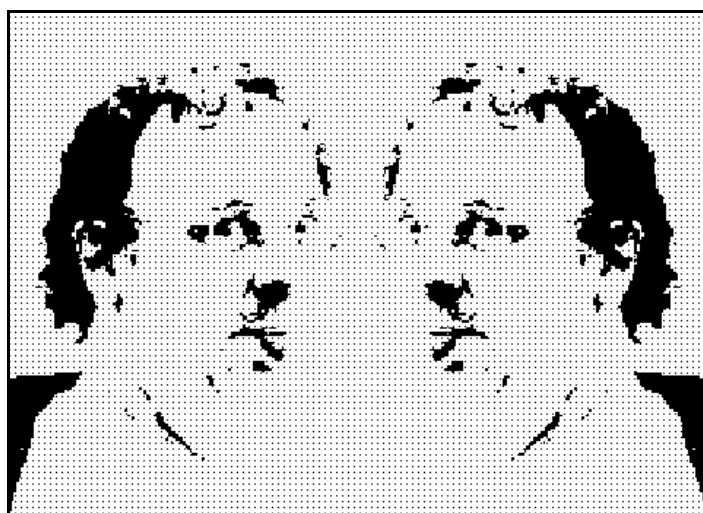
Oh how our fumbling fins collide when they glide through wild winds!
navigating aggravating miles of trials,
unloading their punctured plumes on prickly pylons of pointy pins,
corroding rusty in the gusty.

And how our beveled edges are bedeviled,
bumping stinging stumps
and hellish hedges sticking up,
picking up nicks and pricks and assengers passenging by.

But usually a calm follows a qualm;
our beaten wings are rarely our defeaten wings,
and their weathered feathers adorn brave headdresses
worn by every sore soarer.

2000





Taped Rugs Productions

www.geocities.com/padukem